VOX POPULI,

THE

Voice of the PEOPLE,

Congratulating His Majesty,

KING

CHARLES

The II. of *England, Scotland, France* and *Ireland*, in thirty Heroick Stanza's.

With a brief

PANEGIRICK,

In Praise of his Illustrious

MAJESTY.

Printed at *London*, and Re-printed at *Edinburgh* by a Society of *Stationers*, 1660.

~~154176.150~~
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14455.85.256 *

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VOX POPULI,

His Sacred Majesties happy return congratulated in Thirty Heroick Stanza's.

Britain behold thy King, and Royal Head,
For whom thy Nobles and Plebeians bled,
Thy common Safety, Glory, and the Sun
That ends the Night which in the Sire begun.

Whom absent thou so long hast doted on,
The heav'ns propitious to thy wish hath thrown
Into thine Arms, that thou might know and see
'Twas his Exile commenc'd thy Misery.

They were thy sins, not his that did engage
Him in so sad, yet Royal pilgrimage,
Whence he returns with Reliques stor'd to heal
Thy Sick Estate, and widow'd Common-weal.

A Nobler Prince ne're wore thy Diadem,
Of all that issu'd from that Noble Stem;
Affliction made him wise, and Wisdom good,
He is the best of Princes and of Blood.

Nor his return that made the Gallique State
Do homage to his Sword; nor his whom Fate
Design'd the jarring houses to compose,
Nor his that did, divided *Britain* close.

Produc'd such quiet to his State, as we
Hope from his Soveraign Sacred Majestie,
His People's only joy, their life, their love,
To whom all hearts as to their Center move.

He, he it is that can Fanatique rage,
And *Bedlam* Quakers fury disengage,
The Elders and the Miters shall not jar,
Zeal and Religion shall not henceforth war.

But both united Zealous Puritan,
And the Religious, Loyall Protestant
Shall shake the tripple Crown, and make it know
We have Religion in the life, not show.

For now our Keepers and our chains are gone,
Pluto bestirs how to secure his own,
Least if despair should drive them down to Hell,
They there attempt to frame a Common-weal;

That lech'rous House long Pandariz'd to please
The rampant humors of State Tyrannies,
The Monsters that for Laws forth from it came,
Would blister any modest tongue to name.

They have out-done their Ancestors in crimes,
And Acted past belief in Future times;
Religion, Law like twins of grief lament
Th'invenom'd sting of that Tail-Parliament.

The Bloody Cannibals would shame to own
Those Hellish Acts, this monstrous House hath done;
And cruel *Tartar*, barb'rous *Arabs* they
Go not to Hell, through such a sanguine way.

But now those Meteors which we fear'd and felt,
Are by a Northern Star to vapours melt:
O may they fall in *Lethe's* stream, that so
Forgetting us, we may them never know.

And now our Bells report unto the Sky
The restitution of our Liberty;

And sacred Flames have purg'd th'infected air,
The heavens now smile to welcome home the Heir.

Since then thou art most glorious Prince return'd,
See how thy Love our Loyall hearts hath burn'd;
Be thou the Head, and we will Members be,
Obedient Members to thy Laws and thee.

Nor fear thou Treason now, we love too well
To breed up Vipers that are hatch'd in Hell:
Nor shall thy heart to thee more faithfull prove,
Then shall thy Peoples fix'd and constant love.

No greater care doth on our spirits lye,
Then how to care for (*Charles*) thy Majesty;
To see thee glorious, in a glorious Throne,
No greater care have we then thee alone.

Men train'd for War attend on thy commands
With Marshall Weapons in their warlike hands,
What King more blest, what Subjects happier be,
Thour't blest by them, they happy made by thee.

Nor may'st thou boast of some few Cohorts, we
Auxiliar Legions here present to thee,
Whose daring swords do wait upon thy will,
To save thine allies, and thy Foes to spill.

A Legion yet of *English* lads there are
Born for to fight, and bred up in the War:
Let *Monck*, but head them, stubborn *France* shall bow,
And humbly set her Crown upon thy brow.

The *Austrian* house shall shake and quake for fear,
The Lyon's paw should the Spread-Eagle tear,
And force the vaster Continent to come
To this your Isle for to receive its doom.

Our hearts and Purses, we will ope together,
Ask which thou wilt, we will deny thee neither;
The first are thine, thou hast them in possession,
The latter shall be thine by free Concession.

Command

Command and have; who for a Prince so good,
Would spare no spend his treasure or his bloods
We have no riches, but to spend for thee,
Our riches whil'st thou want'st are povertie.

Nor is your land lesse rich, then that of Prance,
And for her King, dares pound for pound advance:
What they do by constraint, we willing do;
We pray thee to receive, and thank thee too.

And though rich *Spain* be underlaid with Gold,
We've *English* Brasse, will force it from their hold:
We let them drudge to bring the *Indies* home,
The greater part unto your Coffers come.

The watry continent owns none but you
As Lord; your Fleet did it long since subdue:
Nor *Spain*, nor *Belgium* dares, without you please,
To give them leave, appear upon the Seas.

We have provided for you, such a Fleet
As makes the *Belgians* tremble when they see't:
The've felt the vengeance of our Guns, and now
They think it safer then to fight, to bow.

Brave *Mountague*, he rules upon the Main,
And gallant *Monck* commands the Martial Train,
That, shall your Forreign foes ship down to hell,
This shall Domestick flames and fury quell.

See how the People throng unto the Town,
To see your brows invested with a Crown:
And thus by me they do Congratulate
Your blest return, to this now-blessed State.

Long live our *Cæsar*, our *Augustus* long,
May he triumph over our hearts and tongu's,
Our hearts shall love, our tongues his praises sing:
Both heart and tongue, now cry, *God save the King.*

Floreat Rex Anglie. Floreat, floreat.

Elogium

Elogium Carolinum.

Or, a brief Panegyrick to the praise of his Illustrious Majesty, our most Serene Soveraign Charles the I. *by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland; Defender of the Faith.*

YOu thrice three fifters, all ye facred Nine,
Apollo's darlings! Helicon Divine,
And fweet *Caſtalian* Groves forſake, diſtill
Immortall Verſes from my numerous quill?
And whileſt one better then *Æneas*,
Do ſing, then grant ſweet *Maro's* melodie;
Would you I tell his birth? 'Tis one who ſprings
From the illuſtruious ſtock of ancient Kings,
Whoſe Sires, and Grandſires fame and laſting glory,
Not any former *Hero*, or their ſtory
Can parallel, but let our Muſe ſurvey
His proper virtues, which themſelves diſplay
Through every lineament, ſhall I commend
His outward form, my verſe would have no end:
His ſtately height doth ſo advance his Creſt,
As if in worldly things there were no reſt:
He emulates the ſkie, and would fetch down
A ſtarry Diadem to grace his Crown,
Nature her ſelf determin'd him to be,
A Royal *Cedar*, no inferiour Tree;
What ſhall I of his comely viſage tell?
Wherein both Majeſty and mildneſſe dwell:
Theſe are his outward gifts; what bold pen dare
His inward undertake for to declare?

His

His large endowments do exceed the station,
And narrow bounds of humane Declaration,
His Learning, Valour, Bounty and great spirit
Accomplish him throughout, for to inherit
Paternal Kingdoms, and to govern all
The Nations in this vast terrestiall ball;
When like to furious *Mars*, he doth advance
To his unhappy foes, his dreadfull lance
It tipp'd with speedy death, no spell can charm
The Conquering force of his victorious arm;
When bloody conflicts and stern War assuage
Its fatall violence, and his just rage
Appeas'd, when cloath'd in milder purple, he
Excels just *Æacus* in clemency;
Then glorious *Hero* since the Gods ordain
That *England* shall be happy in thy reigne;
And that thy potent arm shall rule and sway
The *British* Scepter, (long'd for many a day)
And that we shall regain our old renown
And usuall lustre by our Monarchs Crown:
Then let thy radiant brightnesse quite dispell
The clouds of all sedition, and repell
Phanatick errours, whilst the skie shall ring
With one applause, *God save our noble King.*

FINIS.